

The Format

"Seven Digit Pin Code"

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They found my body near the river
Now all the people in our town, they think it was your
father
I didn't get your consent, but that's how I make my rent
The void; it's hard to make a friend
When it's too hard to put down the lense
And so, I float

Drifted 'bout 50 miles past Jamestown
I was recovered in the more where I floated onto shore
While the James was good to me,
And the barbed wire, that's another story
It's hard to rest in peace
When you can't get no sympathy

And so...

I can't seem to keep my mind off that night
The way that you laughed with all your friends
Beneath the bar lights.
I couldn't help but hate you
So I followed you, I followed you home

And oh, take off your clothes, stand by the window
So I can see the scar that sits below your naval
And oh, with the Rosary, I wish that was me
How I wish I could rest upon your chest forever
I float, I float, I float.

I wish that I believed in heaven
I can't thank Sunday School for that.
Send me a seven digit pin code
Let me repent, let me believe.

We learn it all, once we could comprehend
The folding of our hands, the bending of our knees
And the Hial Mary's along the bedside
My innocence must have caught his eye
Enough to ruin the last 16 years of my life
It's so hard to repent

When you've been giving no such reason to believe

I took off my clothes, stood by the window
Well don't you see the same scar sits below my naval?
And oh, but it's there for life,
Better yet, the lack thereof
How I wish I could come back as a piece of jewelry.

And oh, I float
I float, I float.

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